Volume LXIV CHICAGO, DECEMBER 30 1909 Number 18

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Religion of the Future

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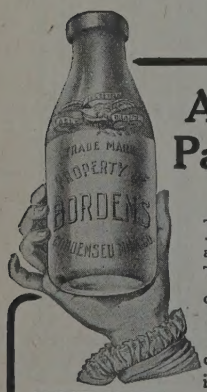

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909. NUMBER 18.

I SAIL NEW WATERS.

Rendered in English verse from the Hungarian of Andrew Ady.

Take heart, my boat, you bear the hero of To-morrow!
If men the drunken oarsmen mock, let that not cause you sorrow.
Fly, my boat, oh, fly!
Take heart, my boat, you bear the hero of To-morrow.

To fly, to fly, to fly unceasing ever
To new, new waters wide, by other keels plowed never!
Fly, my boat, oh, fly!
To fly, to fly, to fly, to fly unceasing ever!

Horizons always new are floating up to meet you,
And every moment life is new and dread, to greet you.
Fly, my boat, oh, fly!
Horizons ever new are floating up to meet you.

I do not care for dreams that have been dreamed already;
O'er floods of secrets, pains, desires, all new, my bark glides steady.
Fly, my boat, oh, fly!
I do not care for dreams that have been dreamed already.

I ne'er shall be the poet of the colorless, the gray,
If Holy Ghost or tavern's reek my spirit move and sway.
Fly, my boat, oh, fly!
I ne'er shall be the poet of the colorless, the gray.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

After the Christmas intoxication there follows a lull favorable for the taking account of stock, psychologically as well as physically. Next issue will contain the habitual round-up, the events, books and experiences, that have made 1909 memorable. Meanwhile it is a good time for each reader to make out such a balance sheet for himself.

That was a fitting word that Doctor Blaustein, the efficient leader of the Chicago Hebrew Institute, spoke to the discontented Russo-Jewish parents in Chicago who had created a spirit of distrust and resentment toward the Christmas spirit in the public schools. These recent arrivals and representatives of conservative Judaism regarded the Christmas festivities and song as a menace to their faith, a proselyting danger, and in some cases, it is reported, counseled silence, if nothing more, on the part of their children. This learned leader, who was able to speak to them in their own Yiddish, gathered these parents together and told them, as reported:

"You are attempting to nullify the spirit of American patriotism, to kill off the very thing that led you to leave your homes in far away Russia and other countries where you have been persecuted. You are now in a country where freedom of speech and belief are two cardinal principles of government. What is this I hear,—Have you been seeking to create in your children a spirit of rebellion? It is shameful! You should thank God for the public schools and what they do for your people. To tell your children to disobey their teachers is wrong. Go to the school board if you have a complaint. They will treat you reasonably. They do not wish to force religious convictions, which you do not like, upon the children. The celebration of the Christmas spirit you complain of is not sectarian, it is American. You know that over in Russia you would not have dared show your faces outside your homes in Christmas week. You ought to be glad you are in a country where you are treated with respect; you have no right to take away the respect your children should have for America and its institutions. It is not the religious part of Christmas that the schools teach; it is the spirit of brotherly love and patriotism. It is for that you came to America."

"What right have you, a soldier on the other side, to start a cheer for 'Dixie' and to deceive us into the opinion that you were a warm-hearted Southerner?" was the indignant retort of a southern bride on her honeymoon trip when the present writer started the cheer in a North German Lloyd saloon when in mid-ocean the band struck struck up "Dixie." "Do you not know that this is about the only valuable thing that General Lee had to turn over at Appomattox? Since that day it has become a national asset; it belongs to all of us now!" was the reply. It is gratifying to know that the Chief of the Division of Music of the Congressional Library, Mr. Sonneck, has published an authoritative story of "Dixie," "Yankee Doodle," "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia" and "America," and that in popular estimation, which in this case means popular power, "Dixie" leads all the rest. It was written when there was an undivided nation. The South, with characteristic military forehandedness, at the beginning of the war got it first, used it, but it has since come back to its own and is now a national asset again. Its service in the cause of secession was only a side divergence, a passing episode. Its high and long lasting mission is reconstruction, restoration and perpetuation of the Union. The tune is still adaptable to better and more fitting words than it has ever yet been wedded to. Here is a free chance for young poets. We are sorry that Mr. Sonneck did not add one more study, that of "John Brown's Body," but perhaps that is forthcoming. "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah" has been tested in camp, on the march, on battlefield, in hospital, Sunday-school and prayer meeting, and more fortunate than its rivals, it has been given fitting words. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" is here to stay, but another Julia Ward Howe is to come who will fit the "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah" chorus to the peace hymn not only of the republic, but of the world.

President Rohde of the Liquor Dealers' Protective Association is quite wise in advising the saloon-keepers of Chicago, through a special bulletin, not to give away Christmas presents to their customers. He says, "Save your money; you may need it before the local option fight is over in the spring." A wise man to foresee the storm. If saloon-keepers and their officials ever read the *Literary Digest,* we might think this "Bulletin" was inspired by a reading of the article in the issue of that journal of December 18, entitled "Union Labor's Repudiation of the Saloon." It reports the decisive declaration of prominent labor leaders on this subject. At the recent national convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Toronto, Canada, Samuel Gompers said: "The time has come when the saloon and the labor movement must be divorced." John Mitchell, the idolized leader, said:

"Poverty has driven a strong man to drink and drink has driven many a strong man to poverty. I am not at all impressed with the arguments that to close down the liquor traffic would bring about a calamity. Rather the contrary is true . . . The average workman does not earn enough to give his family the comforts they deserve; he has no money to spend on drink without robbing his family. . . . I believe as the labor movement grows the temperance movement will grow."

John B. Lennon, treasurer of the federation, said, "To the trade unionist there is no redeeming feature in the saloon." Thomas L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, said:

"The trades unions are doing more for the cause of temperance than any other institution in the world. . . . Our constitution forbids any member to sell intoxicants, even at a picnic. Some people say the saloon is a necessary evil. I do not believe in that kind of doctrine. . . . Because the liquor traffic tends to enslave the people, to make them satisfied with improper conditions, to keep them ignorant, the leaders of the trade union movement are called upon to fight the saloons."

Quite right, President Rohde; your saloon-keepers will need to save their coin. The battle is on and when the working men, the labor unions of America, enter the fight against you, why, even your men will begin to think of reform, "will take a thought and mend." Why not begin it now? Be sensible. We appeal to our friends, neighbors, brothers in the saloon business to take thought of prudence if not of principle, to prepare themselves for the coming storm; get out of the business before you are driven out; quit while there is strength, courage, resources enough left you to make a beginning in some business that has a future to it.

An After-Christmas Thought

This editorial note is written the day before Christmas. The morning paper contains graphic, exciting, and, in this case, at least, not exaggerated accounts of the awful "annual night attack on State street stores!" On the night of the 23rd, a hundred thousand belated shoppers were found crowding the ample spaces of the great dry goods and other retail establishments that line this remarkable street, a street which probably has no parallel in the number, magnificence, extravagance and roomy expanse in the way of "departmental stores," "dry goods emporiums," etc., etc., in the world. Thousands blocked the doors, unable to gain admittance, while "under the glare of numberless arc lights the battle raged furiously out of doors, urged on by the fierce yells of the toy barkers." The wan and weary army of clerks "fought valiantly, but the utterly worn out condition of salesgirls and their associates showed what a great price they were paying for their supremacy." To have successfully endured this contest, the newspaper further truthfully said, "required the fortitude of an Indian, the fanatical courage of a Turk and the staying qualities of the Japs at Port Arthur." Many people, once having gained admission, "seized the first thing in sight and escaped." "It was simply awful!" testifies an eye witness.

But we cannot and need not attempt to reproduce the mad, glad, wild, bad scene. In one way or another it was reproduced in every corner of this American land, probably in every corner of the Christian world. The village paper coming from the railway station of a thousand people, situated half a hundred miles from any city that could claim metropolitan honors, reports the same "crowding of the stores" and "rush of Christmas purchasers."

This note will be read in the calm and quiet of an "after-Christmas day"; it will be the "day after the fair"; a great calm after a splendid storm, for the storm was splendid, but it was a storm. The "Christmas rush" is a problem for the psychologist as well as for the economist. The "Consumers' League" with their gentle plea of "Do your Christmas shopping early!" "Do not receive Christmas goods after quitting hours!" and all that, is as helpless as Mother Partington with her mop trying to keep back the Atlantic tide. Christmas is a splendid holiday; Christmas giving is a splendid joy. It calls into action nerves and muscles that otherwise would become wholly aborted. But why should it be so senseless, so mob-like? Why should there be so many misfits; little children inflicted with toys they do not need and which will but breed the spirit of destruction in them and lessen the play activity of their little natures? Why should there be such a commercialism masking under the guise of the benignant Christmas season,—the rich giving rich presents to their conventional friends who are rich, poor and cheap presents to their real and beloved friends who are poorer? If the mob spirit is ever justifiable it is when moved by a frenzy of good cheer; when it yields to a benignant madness, but why should there be a mob at all? Why should good will be so tricked into haste, hurry and frenzy?

Now that there is the breathing space and the Sunday calm that comes between Christmas and New Year,

might it not be well to try and save the reaction from breeding headaches, stomach aches and heart aches by thinking it all over, devising a better way of conserving and beautifying the noble season? It is not a question that individual conscience or judgment can correct; here is a place for the corporate conscience and the corporate will; a problem for academic research work in the sociological departments of our universities. Here is a call for far-reaching economic reforms in manufacturing and commercial circles, for state and municipal legislation, and, above all, for the guidance and inspiration of an enlightened pulpit, of an heroic church and a more vigorously applied religion. Can men prolong the good sense of the *day after Christmas* into a wisdom for the Christmas season of 1910?

Margaret Allis

The quiet passing of Mrs. E. P. Allis of Milwaukee, in the fullness of her four score and two years was more than a quiet and benignant event, sanctified to a large family circle and sympathetic circle of neighbors to whom she had endeared herself in a thousand ways. Mrs. Allis belonged to Milwaukee; her story is interwoven with its triumphs. More than that, her life has been unmeasured potency in the story of the state of Wisconsin. She bore most worthily an honored name.

Edward P. Allis, the founder of the "Reliance Works" in Milwaukee, was truly a great "captain of industry." In the early days of Milwaukee, with humblest beginnings, he laid the foundation of that great industry which has outgrown Milwaukee. The Allis-Chalmers works have great plants in many cities and its products are known throughout the world wherever high class machinery is known. Mrs. Allis was worthy companion, fitting yoke-mate to this pioneer mill-wright and maker of engines. During their long married life Mrs. Allis carried right cheerfully, loyally and skillfully her end of the yoke. Then, during the long widowhood that followed, the spirit of the husband, his interest in the men in the shop, his determination that they should be treated as men, that they should live as befitted master workmen, such as was required at the "Allis" shops, his great interest in the problems of statecraft and the higher economies, his love of art and his patronage of the same, his fearless companionship of "causes" dear to him, in religion and politics, though unpopular to the masses, were worthily and splendidly conserved by his energetic widow. The home, which was a conservatory of art, in which the cultured delighted, was also the open door for the needy and the perplexed. The "sympathy shop" which was opened by the young couple away back in pioneer days was never closed until the doors of the hospitable mansion on Martin street were closed the other day after the passing out of the casket.

Worthy is the place, in the estimation of modern society, of the true "captain of industry," of which E. P. Allis was a splendid representative; but as notable a place, not so promptly recognized, is that of the matron of charity, the Mother Superior of the humanities, the sister of reforms and the friend of reformers, which Mrs. Allis continued to be to the end.

The Allis name is intimately woven into the life of the city of Milwaukee. Their home nearly parallels the entire history of the state of Wisconsin. Mr. Allis's Milwaukee career began away back in 1849, one year after the admission of the state into the Union. He took active and efficient interest in the building up of the state; at one time he was candidate for governorship, of course on an unpopular ticket and a losing side, as became an independent thinker, a scrupulous philosopher. The Allises form an essential part in the story of the Unitarian church of Milwaukee; their house was the missionary rest for advocates of causes unpopular. When there was an "issue in the West" among the Unitarians, the Allises were on the side of the open door and forward-look, of course. UNITY found in this home its earliest supporters, and when the light went out of the eyes the other day, UNITY lost one who was a persistent patron, a vigilant reader, and when she could read no longer she listened to its message with unflagging interest.

Mrs. Allis reared a large family of rollicking, healthy boys and girls. She had traveled extensively; her acquaintance with men and women of note, on both sides of the Atlantic, was wide; some of her children have found homes and a worthy employment across the sea; but she never became a globe-trotter or a detached woman of fortune. She had a HOME to the end and it was in Milwaukee. Her first loyalty was to Milwaukee. Wealth to her was a "charge to keep." She administered it with wise as well as with bountiful hand among those and for the benefit of those who helped make the fortune.

The persistent flame burned undimmed to the end. It was something more than peculiar fitness that led her after the "stroke" came to ask for Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and the partially paralyzed tongue corrected the sister's defective memory when some lines were omitted. When the renewed strength permitted she said, "You forgot two of the verses," and the last movement of the lips whispered, *"Tell me not."*

How fitting, how inevitable was it, then, that the words of the old friend and co-worker who for nearly one-half of the four score years and more had gone in and out of her home, shared her hospitality and profited by her enthusiasm and co-operation, should end with the reading of the great psalm:

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
* * * * * * *
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.'

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. W. F. Greenman, pastor of the Unitarian Church, Jenkin Lloyd Jones making the address at the house. He came, he said, to speak his word of tribute and love for one who seemed to be almost the last of the "Old Guard." And what a splendid "Guard" it was, those brave, forward-looking men and women who rallied around the Staples brothers, Connor, Gannett, Gordon, and incidentally James Freeman Clarke, W. G. Eliot, Robert Collyer, Henry Simmons and many others who stood for the best things that America stands for and who have entered into the noblest traditions of the nation. These were the Metcalfs, Tweedies, Buttons, Norrises, Phillipses, Sewells, Illslys, Abraham Clarke,—but the list is too long; it is dangerous to begin to name them, for the omissions will be so conspicuous.

Now at last the Allis home in Milwaukee is closed. She who was a great mother and a splendid grandmother, who in the joy of her youth opened the door, remained to close it when its full work was accomplished. One daughter bears the honored name of Conway in New York City, another moves in the efficient circles of London; one son trims the lamp of science on the shores of the Mediterranean; others are busy in homes widely scattered and vocations widely divergent.

Surely the patriarchate of the old sociology where the pike man led, is outranked today, as it was in primitive life, by a matriarchate where the spindle woman presides at the fireside and rears a home circle, the first unit of the state.

INHERITANCE

Lo! what am I—a patch of things—
Mere odds and ends of lives flung by;
Of age-long, rag-bag gatherings
Pieced up by Fate full thriftily—
Somebody's wornout will and wit,
Somebody's habits, and his hair;
Discarded conscience; faith once fair,
Ere Time, the moth, had eaten it,
My great grandfather's chin and nose,
The eyes my great grandmother wore,
With hands from some remote—(who knows—?)
Perhaps prehensible, ancestor.
Somebody's style, somebody's gait,
Another body's wrist and waist,
With this one's temper—that one's trait,
One's taste; another's lack of taste,—
Feelings I never chose to feel—
A voice in which I had no voice—
Revealing where I would conceal
Rude impulses, beyond my choice,
Faults which this ancestor or that
Unkindly fostered, to my ill,
With others some one else begat
And made the matter worser still.
They chose—these masters of my fate—
To please themselves, bequeathing me
Base pleasure in the things I hate,
Liking for what misliketh me.
Out of the ashes of their fires,
After the fashion of their bone
They fashioned me—my mighty sires—
And shall I call my soul my own?
This motley, from the Past flung down—
This work with no Artificer—
This prince, this poet and this clown,—
Deific and a driveller—
This brain bequeathed, which shall conceive
What things this borrowed frame shall do,
This will to serve and will to leave
The outgrown old—the untried new.
This Quick—made up of all the Dead,
And this deep heart, inherited—
I call these mine and *I will be*
King, Emperor, Czar and Deity!
The tenement may make me ill—
The garment, ill befitting me,
I will inhabit, Kingly still
And wear my rags right royally.
These hands shall do *my* will—not hers
Who fashioned them to other use;
These feet fare not as he prefers
Who shaped them, but as *I* shall choose.
Mine be the words these lips shall frame,
And through my great grandmother's eyes
I front *my* world, not hers, and claim
Under no dead soul's sovereignties.
Age-borrowed husk—head, heart and hand
Slave on and serve me till we die;
I am your Lord, I, *you* command—
But only *God knows*—what am I!

—*Grace Ellery Channing.*

WINGS

The hand of man, emerging from the mist
Of primal ages, was a hairy fist,
All blood-bedabbled; for the hand had killed,
before it learned to sew, and reap, and build.
So each new tool was but a weapon, fit
To add new terrors to the below of it;
The first rude axe was formed for bloody deed,
Split skulls before it served the builder's need.
And thus through ages runs the tale; by worst
Of uses is the new-found tool accurst;
Yet we believe what prophet's words record,
That into plowshares men shall beat the sword.
For centuries we stood upon the edge
Of space and yearned, while sparrows from the hedge
Took flight and taunted us, "That I had wings!"
'Mid stormy music thus the Psalmist sings,
"Then would I fly away and be at rest."
And lo, the wings are ours! A gift, the best
The genius of our race has forged; a tool
Fit for our eager age. What says the fool,
The war-brute? "This is *mine*, for brawls and strife;
As hawk-wings are the hawk's,—for taking life!"
Well. claim them, war-god! Use them till the race
Will kill for you no more. What narrow space
Holds man today apart from brother man,
A range of rock, a river, or a span
Of channel; and our wings shall overleap
These dwarfish landmarks. Then what king shall keep
His folk from merging with humanity
As waters intermingle with the sea?

Sail forth, winged argonauts of trackless air,
And as upon your homeward course you fare
Bring heavenly treasure. Neither gold nor steel,
Nor gross and earthy wealth weight your light keel;
Man's Brotherhood! Bring *that* as Golden Fleece,
On sun-blest wings, bright harbingers of peace!

—*Charlton Lawrence Edholm, in Popular Mechanics.*

TO A YOUNG POET

In the morning of the skies
I heard a lark arise.
On the first day of the year
A wood-flower did appear.
Like a violet, like a lark,
Like the dawn that kills the dark,
Like a dew-drop, trembling, clinging,
Is the poet's first sweet singing.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

THE PULPIT

Sympathy in Action

PREACHED AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ROCHESTER, MINN., DECEMBER 12, 1909, BY REV. VICTOR GREENWOOD.

"Jesus wept."—John 11:35.

History tells us that Alexander wept. Something more than three hundred years, however, separates the tears of these young men. Both were in early manhood; both felt the stirrings of vast power within them. One stood before a closed door. A door closed to his further ambition. The immediate was his realm, and he had conquered it. And he gnashed his teeth and shed bitter tears because he could not thrust his dripping sword further into the wounded heart of humanity. The other stood before an open door; before a grave into which he was sending the light and glory of infinite power. The Grecian monarch wept because no further wrongs could be committed. The monarch of love wept because the wrongs of the world bound humanity in the grave of its own making. The tears of Alexander would never call a Lazarus from the grave. His only concern is to keep himself from that grave.

Too many of the pages of history are blotted with the tears of selfishness. There is no gospel for the world in the tears of Alexander. No heart was touched because no life other than his own was considered. He was a great general. His life instrument was keyed to big things. He was big-minded, but small-hearted. Jesus stood at that open sepulchre because his heart was big enough to take him there. Beware of those who merely *talk* of the poverty and open plague spots and closed sepulchres of the world. Beware of a morris-chair, soft-slippered, tungsten-light sympathy.

We were present one day at Dunning during Dr. Podstata's time when a young woman patient was enraged at a supposed wrong done to her. No one could quiet her. It was a revelation of the spirit that stood before that Bethany grave to see the quieting of the storm when Dr. Podstata came on the scene. As a man from a sense of sympathy and not as an officer from a sense of duty, he went to the woman and courteously told her he would see that any wrong should be righted. Sympathy! It is just the touch on the arm by a Wendell Phillips and a silver-toned voice in the ear of that poor girl, "You have a right to wish and to live."

Sympathy! It is just a handkerchief thrown over the face of a John B. Gough when lying helpless in the street. Someone has wept for him and his manhood responds.

Sympathy! It is just ten dollars in a young man's mail when thinking he must leave college for lack of funds.

Just a knowledge that tears are being shed for us. Just a getting at the highest truth, viz.: the ability to *live* a life of love. Men of all shades of theological belief can live together in harmony if they have sought and found this truth; the ability to live a life of love.

It is well to be thinking right, back in that home in Nazareth; but the salvation of the world waits on your journey to Bethany and your sympathy in action.

Tennyson has given us in his poem "Maud," a picture of a brilliant, well educated girl; but brilliant and well educated from the standpoint of society only. And how does he characterize this girl:

> Faultily faultless, icily regular,
> Splendidly null, dead perfection,
> No more.

There is a whole world of pathos in that "no more." How the horror of it strikes us when a great disaster makes clear its true proportions. I wonder if in a San Francisco disaster no society girl recalled such words as she couched shivering in one of the city's parks. "Dead perfection; no more." She could dress well, she could dance well, she could talk well, she could sing well. She could do everything well except look the Lord Jesus Christ in the face well.

How great is the unfolding of the heart life. You never stood before the unfolding of a rose and thrilled with anything like the joy that you did when you observed in some friend or acquaintance a broadening of sympathy or a kindlier consideration of the wants of others. A Mark Tapley can pretend that the selfishness of Martin Chuzzlewit does not affect him, but by and by when sorrow and hardship have called forth a nobler spirit in his friend, Mark rejoices as at the birth of a new life. It is the exercise of the heart life that creates all the virtues that make life worth the living. Not Macchiavelli but Dante reveals the ascent to glory. The inter-play of heart on heart makes the Oratorio where the words sung are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, gentleness, meekness, self-control."

"One man is no man." Man by himself can never be fully educated. It is Tennyson plus Hallam that gives us "In Memoriam." It is the speaker, plus the audience that gives us the speech. It is Jesus, plus Lazarus, that gives us that sympathy and those tears.

And if this be true, why not sit this morning at the feet of the largest hearted man who ever trod the earth, and let him lead you to the heart of the universe, the heart of love, the heart of eternal truth. I know many Christians are poor examples of the Master, but the best Christians are without a shadow of a doubt the best people this world has ever seen. And the best people have always stood at the grave of the world's Lazarus and wept.

Charles Wagner, whose "Simple Life" is not being read much of late, tells of his own boyhood days. He tells us of a boyish scrape that called for punishment and sent him supperless to bed. When all was still the servant stole up and slipped a warm baked potato into his hand. And the great man says that that is the most vivid scene he carries through life. Sympathy was in action.

Goodness always clarifies the mind. The converse, however, is not equally true. Scholarship does not always clarify the heart. Evidently then we are here in the presence of a greater power, even that power we see in Jesus as he wept at the grave of Lazarus.

The hunter of lost souls gains a real knowledge that the learned recluse always bows before. Only as the preacher touches man's heart during the week does his argument carry weight from the pulpit. God so thought about man! Nay, God so loved that he sent his son. Blinded by tears God *saw* the son of man tread the winepress alone. So the good Bishop Ken chose for his company at his Sunday dinner table twelve poor men or women and gave them more than they could eat and fed their souls with more than they could assimilate. So the good Quaker, John Woolman, took passage on the sailing vessel across the Atlantic

with the sailors in the fo'castle so that he could preach Christ by *being* Christ to them.

The heroism in life's crises is of the heart rather than the head. There surrounded by the raging waters beating on the city of Galveston, rich and poor are huddled indiscriminately; there the millionaire is thankful to share the poor man's crust and the poor man's muddy water; there when earthquake and fire have stripped society of her gaudy trappings and her hollow shams; there where the cold ground receives their tired bodies in sleep's fitful slumber; there where the cold morning mist is their only covering; there it is that men and women who have found time for the education of the heart are found to take their rightful places as leaders and lords among their fellows. There it is that society gratefully accepts the cup of cold water from the calloused hand of labor.

Little children will love us though we may be narrow minded, but little children will never love us if we are narrow hearted. The things that endure are the big hearted things. A Gettysburg speech may be but twenty lines but the theart-throb of the nation is felt in every word. The heart of Lincoln had been educated through years of suffering for the writing of that masterpiece.

What has brought the Congregational churches of Illinois together the last few weeks? Is it not bigness of heart that neither conservative nor progressive theology can account for? The disaster at the Cherry mine has broken up the fountains of the deep, and men have come together in love. They have not *argued* their way to agreement; but drawn by the attraction of concrete good to be done, they have *loved* their way to agreement. How simple, and yet how hard! Dr. Gunsaulus said lately that "it takes more of God to wash your brother's feet than it takes to hold the world in its place." Truly, there are some things the brightest mind cannot see, but that the simple and pure in heart can see. Did not Jesus say that the pure in *heart see* God? He never emphasized the seeing power of the bright in mind. Real knowledge is *not* of the mind alone. It does not touch the depths without the plummet of goodness. There are some things we cannot see save through our tears, and tears come from the depths of the heart life. First Corinthians, Thirteen, is the world's symphony after all and ever will be. Why does Jesus make the attitude of the little child so essential? Because the child is all heart. A child of four or five accepts fatherhood and motherhood without inquiry. Instinctively it is sure of these things. The heart with us children of a larger growth tells us instinctively the same thing of God. We can no more than children reason out this infinite thing. We are here in the realm of heart knowledge, and as Pascal says, "The heart has reasons of its own which reason does not know." There are some things we cannot see without being deeply moved. The shame of political corruption and commercial greed is often seen only when the country is blinded by the tears caused by a great disaster.

It is when blinded by the tears of emotion that we see sometimes for the first time any plan in our lives. It is when our sins bring tears that angels begin to smile. The sins of our age shock us far too little. We weep for rage with Alexander when others are better dressed, better housed, better fed. We have forgotten to weep with our Lord at the grave of our brother's hopes and aspirations.

We have read somewhere that David Livingstone asked some natives in Central Africa what became of their great river. O, they said, it goes on until it is lost in the sand; for they knew not of the sea. So many will tell you that their lives are flowing nowhere. The minister, the undertaker, the grave digger, these see the last of them. Look to the heart, my brother. Learn to weep for others. No matter where the soul may be, whether shut in by high buildings, by mountains of commerce, by prison walls, or by bed of sickness, be sure you may be so broad hearted that you will ever see beyond, and be comforted with the cry ever springing from the heart, "the Sea, the Sea," the ocean of his love. And my love and your love, the expression of the heart life will take us there. Because man is so foolish as to draw the veil of gold over his eyes, Jesus weeps.

Correspondence

Does the following have any bearing on the interesting exchange of views between Mr. Rumball and Mr. Dole that your readers have been privileged to follow in your columns? It is a paragraph from Nietzsche's *Dawn of Day* (*Margerrothe,* Weke, Taschenanszebe, Vol. V. p. 313, par. 464), and bears the title "The Shame of the Giver." The point of view is an adventurous one and will probably be shared by few. "All by myself," Mr. Dole says, "I do not seem to be genuinely "master of my fate," to such sense as to engage my convictions very earnestly in behalf of the new moral enterprises which challenge the world." He wants a Higher Companion, he must feel a sort of necessity upon him from Above. I know the feeling—have had it, have it myself. But here comes Nietzsche who says:

> "It is so unmagnanimous always to be giving and dowering, and to be showing one's face at the same time! But to give and to dower and to hide one's name and one's favour! Or to have no name, like nature, where we are refreshed more than all else by the fact that we are no more face to face with some one giving and dowering, with a 'gracious countenance!' To be sure men turn this refreshment into a joke, for they have put a God into this nature—and now all is close and suffocating (beklommen) again! What? Never to be allowed to be alone with one's self? Nevermore to be unwatched, unguarded, free from leading strings, unfavoured by gifts? May not one be driven to despair by this intrusiveness, this unavoidable supernatural Neighbour! But all this is unnecessary,—it was only a dream! Let us awake!"

Here is a different psychology from Mr. Dole's. I am not defending it—what is the use of defending or attacking facts anyway? But the deeper, more general question may be raised, whether it is safe (I mean scientific) to trust much to psychology in building up a theology? What have my wants or lack of wants to do with truth? Are there not lots of facts in nature that I don't want and should like to undo, if I could? And are there not many things that we should like to have facts, that are absolutely, irreparably not such? And though we need God, need him even for moral purposes and for a lot of "unpopular reform movements," how does that prove his reality? And though we need him not and rather regard him in the light of a ghostly intrusive Neighbour that we are glad to be rid of, how does that prove that he may not be real, and send us and all our works if we and they are not in accordance with his will? I repeat my question, is it not possible that theology shall again cease to be sentimental? If not, I suspect that the scientific intellect will forever be done with it, save as a piece of history and archaeology.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 2, 1909. WILLIAM M. SALTER.

THE STUDY TABLE

Books!

In a recent review I referred to the superb work done by Edward Curtis among our Indians, and the publication of this unequaled historical and artistic history of the North American Indians. This work, backed by J. P. Morgan, is winning its way into city libraries and college libraries, but its price places it out of reach of smaller libraries. We wish this were not so, and we hope that benefactors will turn their attention to this matter with some freedom. Mr. Curtis sent me a package of his noble work, but it was addressed to Clinton instead of Sorrento. Not wishing to have it forwarded to this place, I asked a cultured friend of mine, Mrs. Lena E. Morrill, wife of the professor of biology in Hamilton College, to open the packages and report. Here is what she says: "The two volumes, ten by twelve, and nineteen by twenty-three, contain text recounting the history and habits of two North American tribes. The first volume is rich in folk-lore, and in written music—which is marvelous. It is beautifully illustrated in sepia, on rice paper. The other volume is a portfolio, containing over thirty wonderfully fine pictures in sepia on rice paper, of the principal chiefs of both nations, with views representing their wigwams and customs. These of course are copies from Mr. Curtis' paintings, and are surely magnificent. The value of the whole is not to be easily estimated in the library of a literary gentleman. We are delighted to have it for merely a few months, for we never tire of looking the volumes through. From this you will conclude that we both think the two volumes are too fine for words to describe. Possibly this will not help you out any in your review, for it only tells the feelings which must control any reader who comes in contact with Mr. Curtis' work." I do not need to add to these words, for I know that they are judiciously spoken.

A good reader and friend opened a package for me that came from Lee, Lothrop, Shepard & Company, in which were "Mother Tucker's Seven," and he pronounces both volumes remarkably good. Morrill's impressions are decidedly complimentary, and he pronounces both volumes to be remarkably good samples of young folks' literature. Of Bolton Hall's new book, "Life and Love and Peace," the same readers report that "it is intended to foster charity to all and universal brotherhood. The chapter on the management of children is worth the price of the book. We consider it calculated to start its readers thinking along channels that lead to higher and less selfish ways of thinking."

From Lothrop, Lee, Shepard & Co. of Boston, I have two of the best books for young people that the present season has turned out. I have not been able to read these books through yet, but am going to have a cozy time with them some evening. I like a good juvenile book any time, and I like youth, if I am going on eighty. These two books are "Mother Tucker's Seven" and "The Lookout Island Campers."

I have from the Macmillan Company, Robert F. Horton's new book entitled, "Great Issues." I have not read this through, but I am strongly impressed with what I get from it by slices. The style is clear, any everything that is said is based on common sense, rather than prejudgment. The philosophy is very wholesome. I am going to review the book again after a thorough and enjoyable reading of it. I lay it down for the present with the impression that I have got a great book. We are sooner or later going to get rid of the religions of tradition, and live in that everlasting religion of common sense which is accumulating out of the experience of mankind.

The most natural, unaffected, and after all the most delicious of Thoreau's books is "The Maine Woods." Lying on my sofa, about half sick one day in the 60's, Bayard Taylor came in, and finding me in the glums, handed me a copy, saying, "Here is something that will do you good." I read it as one would feel the Maine breezes that bring in strawberry odors, forgetting illness. About that time Emerson asked me if I would go to Boston and edit some of Thoreau's manuscripts. So it is that this holiday edition of "The Maine Woods" brings back to me a whole lot of pleasant thoughts and associations. It is illustrated by Clifton Johnson, and is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company of New York. Both have done their work about equally well. It is one of the books that you fall in love with. I don't know that I shall read it through again, but you won't get the copy away from me. It will go with the old one, and stay within reach of my hand, when I want to refresh myself, and feel a little of the wild—the purely natural. There is no use talking about the book, nobody ever wrote just as Thoreau wrote, and though we have a crowd of glorious nature students and nature interpreters, Thoreau stays by.

E. P. Powell.

"Studies in Galilee." By W. G. Masterman. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1909; $1.12 postpaid.

Here we have, in brief compass, a description of the district anciently known as Galilee, as it appears to the eye of a trained observer today. Dr. Masterman has spent years in the limited territory with which he is concerned and knows it in all its details; his information is fresh and the result of personal investigation. The seven chapters treat in succession of the Physical Features, the Fisheries, Gennesaret, Capernaum, Chorazin and Bethsaida, the Ancient Synagogues, and Galilee in the Time of Christ. The choice of topics is of course largely dictated by the gospel narrative. Most interesting, perhaps, is the account of the ruins of the ancient synagogues at Tell Hum and other sites, even though none of these seem as old as the time of Jesus. This chapter, like all the others, owes much to the fine photographic illustrations. There are several excellent maps of certain portions of the district, though one misses a map of entire Galilee. It is possible to overestimate the importance of geography to the student of men and affairs; especially is this true of "Biblical Geography." But at least a knowledge of Galilee, where Jesus lived, is of far more worth to the student of his career than a knowledge of Jerusalem, where he died, and this little book, with its accuracy and completeness, is a real contribution to our knowledge.

C. R. Bowen.

Books Received

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
The Approach to the Social Question. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. 210 pages. Price $1.25 net.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY
Why American Marriages Fail. By Anna A. Rogers. 214 pages. Price $1.25 net.
Emerson's Journals. 1820-1824. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. 394 pages. Price $1.75 net.
Emerson's Journals. 1824-1832. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. 540 pages. Price $1.75 net.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
Atonement. By E. D. Burton, J. M. P. Smith and G. B. Smith. 335 pages. Price $1.00 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
The Ring and the Book. An Interpretation. By Francis Bickford Hornbrooke, D. D. 234 pages. Price $1.50 net.

A. C. McCLURG & COMPANY
Cyrus Hall McCormick, His Life and Work. By Herbert N. Casson. 264 pages.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
The Transfiguration of Life. By James Freeman Clarke. 242 pages. Price $1.00 net.

B. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher
The Substance of Socialism. By John Spargo. 163 pages. Price $1.00 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
The Mastery of Destiny. By James Allen. 120 pages. Price $1.00 net.
Great Possessions. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. 377 pages. Price $1.35 net.
San Celestino. By John Ayscough. 346 pages. Price $1.50 net.
The Life and Letters of Susan Warner. Edited by her sister, Anna B. Warner. 509 pages. Price $2.50 net.
A Literary History of the English People. From the Renaissance to the Civil War. By J. J. Jusserand. 629 pages. Price $3.50 net.
Heavenly Heretics. By Lyman P. Powell. 138 pages. Price $1.25 net.
Housekeeping for Two. By Alice L. James. 426 pages. Price $1.25 net.
The Rosary. By Florence L. Barclay. 389 pages. Price $1.35.
One Thousand Salads. By Olive Green. 415 pages. Price $1.00 net.
English Love Poems, Old and New. Edited by Horatio Sheafe Krans. 199 pages. Price $1.25 net.
Abraham Lincoln. By George Haven Putnam. 292 pages. Price $1.25 net.
The Pilgrim Fathers. By Winnifred Crockshott. 348 pages. Price $2.50 net.
History of Astronomy. By George Forbes. 200 pages. Price 75 cents net.
Chemistry. By Sir Edward Thorpe. 195 pages. Price 75 cents net.
God and Man. By E. Ellsworth Shumaker. 408 pages. Price $2.00 net.

The Horses' Plea

An attractive placard, headed with a picture of four horses and the words "Please be kind to us—We work hard for you," is being circulated in Cincinnati by the Ohio Humane Society. It reads as follows:

PLEASE give us water often.

PLEASE give us a moment's rest on the way up the hill.

PLEASE do not overload us. We are doing our best.

PLEASE don't use the whip. It is seldom necessary.

PLEASE remember that we will respond to a word as quickly as to a blow.

PLEASE look out for our health and don't work us when we are sick.

PLEASE see that we are properly shod.

PLEASE be sure that we have enough to eat and that we are fed regularly.

PLEASE keep us in such good condition that you'll be proud to drive us.

PLEASE see that the harness fits and does not chafe sore or tender spots.

PLEASE remember that two weeks' vacation each year will make us more serviceable and valuable.

REMEMBER WE WORK HARD FOR YOU.

Personal Glimpses: At the Death-Bed of Lincoln

On the 14th of April, 1865, when President Lincoln was talking with his Cabinet about expected news from General Sherman, he said that this news would surely come, and it would be important, for the night before he had a dream, the same dream that had preceded nearly every important event of the war. On being asked what it was he said that he seemed to be in some strange indescribable vessel, rapidly approching an indefinite shore. "I had," the President remarked, " this strange dream again last night, and we shall, judging from the past, have great news very soon. I think it must be from Sherman. My thoughts are in that direction, as are most of yours." Among those who heard these words was Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, whose diary is now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and before long he had occasion to find in them a sad significance. "Great events did indeed follow, for within a few hours the good and gentle, as well as truly great man who narrated his dream, closed forever his earthly career."

In his diary Secretary Welles recorded his own impressions of the events of that tragic night and the days immediately following. To quote:

I had retired to bed about half-past ten on the evening of the 14th of April, and was just getting asleep, when Mrs. Welles, my wife, said some one was at our door. Sitting up in bed, I heard a voice twice call to John, my son, whose sleeping-room was on the second floor directly over the front entrance. I arose at once and raised a window, when my messenger, James Smith, called to me that Mr. Lincoln, the President, had been shot, and said Secretary Seward and his son, Assistant Secretary Frederick Seward, were assassinated. James was much alarmed and excited. I told him his story was very incoherent and improbable, that he was associating men who were not together and liable to attack at the same time. Where, I inquired, was the President when shot? James said he was at Ford's Theater on Tenth Street. "Well," said I, "Secretary Seward is an invalid in bed in his house yonder on Fifteenth Street." James said he had been there and stopped in at the house to make inquiry before alarming me.

I immediately dressed myself, and against the earnest remonstrance and appeals of my wife went directly to Mr. Seward's, whose residence was on the east side of the square, mine being on the north. . . . I asked for the Secretary's room, which she pointed out—the southwest room. As I entered, I met Miss Fanny Seward, with whom I exchanged a single word, and proceeded to the foot of the bed. Dr. Verdi and, I think, two others were there.

The bed was saturated with blood. The Secretary was lying on his back, the upper part of his head covered by a cloth which extended down over his eyes. I exchanged a few whispered words with Dr. Verdi. Secretary Stanton, who came after but almost simultaneously with me, made inquiries in a louder tone

till admonished by a word from one of the physicians. We almost immediately withdrew, and went into the adjoining front room where lay Frederick Seward. His eyes were open, but he did not move them, nor a limb, nor did he speak. Dr. White, who was in attendance, told me he was unconscious and more dangerously injured than his father.

As we descended the stairs, I asked Stanton what he had heard in regard to the president, that was reliable. He said the President was shot at Ford's Theater—that he had seen a man who was present and witnessed the occurence. I said I would go immediately to the White House. Stanton told we the President was not there.

The President had been carried across the street from the theater to the house of a Mr. Peterson. We entered by ascending a flight of steps above the basement, and passing through a long hall to the rear, where the President lay extended on a bed, breathing heavily. Several surgeons were present; at least six, I should think more; among them I was glad to observe Dr. Hale, who, however, soon left. I inquired of Dr. Hale as I entered the true condition of the President. He replied the President was dead to all intents, although he might live three hours or perhaps longer.

The giant sufferer lay extended diagonally across the bed, which was not long enough for him. He had been stripped of his clothes. His large arms which were occasionally exposed, were of a size which one would scarce have expected from his spare appearance. His slow, full respiration lifted the clothes with each breath that he took. His features were calm and striking. I had never seen them appear to better advantage than for the first hour, perhaps, that I was there. After that, his right eye began to swell, and that part of his face became discolored.

A door which opened upon a porch or gallery, and also the windows, were kept open for fresh air. The night was dark, cloudy, and damp, and about six it began to rain. I remained in the room without sitting or leaving it—when, there being a vacant chair which some one left at the foot of the bed, I occupied it for nearly two hours, listening to the heavy groans, and witnessing the wasting of the good and great man who was expiring before me.

About 6 a. m., I experienced a feeling of faintness and for the first time after entering the room, a little past eleven, I left it and the house, and took a short walk in the open air. It was a dark and gloomy morning, and rain set in before I returned to the house, some fifteen minutes later. Large groups of people were gathered every few rods, all anxious and solicitous. Some one or more from each group stepped forward as I passed, to inquire into the condition of the President, and to ask if there was no hope. Intense grief was on every countenance when I replied that the President could survive but a short time. The colored people especially, and there were at this time more of these persons than of whites, were overwhelmed with grief. . . . . .

A little before seven I went into the room where the dying President was rapidly drawing near the closing moments. His wife soon after made her last visit to him. The death struggle had begun. Robert, his son, stood with several others at the head of the bed. He bore himself well, but on two occasions gave way to overpowering grief and sobbed aloud, turning his head and leaning on the shoulder of Senator Sumner. The respiration of the President became suspended at

A prayer followed from Dr. Gurley; and the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Seward and Mr. McCulloch, immediately thereafter assembled in the back parlor, from which all other persons were excluded, and there signed a letter which was prepared by Attorney-General Speed to the Vice President, informing him of the event, and that the government devolved upon him. . . . . .

I went after breakfast to the Executive Mansion. There was a cheerless cold rain, and everything seemed gloomy. On the avenue in front of the White House were several hundred colored people—mostly women and children—weeping and wailing their loss. This crowd did not appear to diminish through the whole of that cold, wet day—they seemed not to know what was to be their fate since their great benefactor was dead, and their hopeless grief affected me more than almost anything else, though strong and brave men wept when I met them.

At the White House all was silent and sad. Mrs. Welles was with Mrs. Lincoln and came to meet me in the library. Speed came in and we soon left together. As we were descending the stairs, "Tad," who was looking from the window at the foot, turned and seeing us, cried aloud in his tears, "Oh, Mr. Welles, who killed my father?" Neither Speed nor myself could restrain our tears, nor give the poor boy any satisfactory answer.

—*The Literary Digest.*

The Blight of Sectarianism

It is an open secret that sectarianism has no right light and no right truth any more, because the presuppositions out of which it arose in that old day no longer exist, and the new day with entirely new battles is before us. But instead of adapting oneself to the new works, one acts as if the dead were still living, cherishes the old partisanism and aggravates it on both. How miserable our ecclesiastical and religious life has become in this way. The secret competition of tendencies and clergymen which ripens such sorry fruit, the stupid separation of congregations that ought to be together, the influence of worldly factors upon the innermost things of life, the corruption which partisan ambition leads to, and much besides! What is so needful as that we should repent of all this?

The pettiness and feebleness of each life, the humiliation which often now attaches to the ministerial office—who does not feel and speak of these things? More violent storms are going to break upon our church and religious life till these things are settled and settled right. We must become greater men in order that we may meet them and cope with them.

The world is too full of deep problems and dangers to have time for any more petty and miserable anxieties and quarrels which once consumed so much strength and time. We must become greater for the sake of the greater which God sets us as our task. We must have done with all sorts of old things which seem important to us, first of all leave our old opinions to one side and hearken to God. We must do this, orthodox, liberal, Catholic, Protestant—not quarrel about it, but understand and become greater.

We must be free from this baggage of life. We must be sure that we are not only not dependent on our money, our business, our houses, but also not upon our books, our offices, our culture, nor our esthetic requirements. GEORGE B. FOSTER.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Man is the face of creation. He stands with his back to the past.

MON.—It is the yesterday that makes the to-day so wonderful and the to-day makes the tomorrow so enchanting.

TUES.—There are none so far away but they can hear God's voice and return. None so low but the arms of mercy are beneath them and they can rise. No heart so full of sin but God can make it pure.

WED.—The "making of a man" is the last and highest work of God in our world; the end to which the ages moved. And that is the continuous creation of God now through the agencies of natural law and forces and the ministrations of rational and moral powers, the discipline of experience, the patience of love.

THURS.—The world is looking, waiting not for a Hector or Achilles to lead soldiers to the fields of death, but for statesmen, scholars, philanthropists, for preacners and teachers, for toilers in all the fields of industry and business; souls filled with enthusiasm of humanity to lead the millions to the victories of peace, the joy of brotherhood, the beauty of the Christ, the empire of souls to the hope eternal.

FRI.—Leaning upon this divine power we will not fear when come the tottering steps of age, nor fear when the lights of time burn low, nor fear to enter the darkness that men call death. We need not fear to pass with reason and meaning and love and hope out from the shadows of earth to the unseen world beyond. The power that made us can keep us. HIRAM W. THOMAS.

His Task

"Father," said Tommy Harris, one day in June, "if I earn some money this summer, may I have it for myself, to do what I want to with?"

"Why, yes, I think so," said his father. "But what are you going to do? How are you going to earn any money?"

"I'm going to mow Mr. Webster's lawn. I heard him say he wished he knew of some boy he could trust to keep the lawn mowed all summer. I'm going to ask him to let me do it. May I have the use of your lawn-mower if he gives me the work?"

"Yes, if you will take good care of it and put it back where it belongs when you are done." Tom promised, and the next day, when Mr. Webster had come from the city, he went over and asked him.

The lawn was a large one, and there were some trees and shrubs on it. Mr. Webster got up from his piazza chair and took Tom down on the lawn. He showed him how he wanted it cut, and how the boy who got the job must be careful not to break the shrubs, and must not knock the bark off any of the young trees, and must trim the borders with the grass-shears and rake up and carry away the grass.

"Do you think you can do that, and do it right, all summer?" Mr. Webster asked.

Tom thought he could.

"Well," said Mr. Webster, "I want it cut once every week. I don't care what day you cut it, because some weeks, when it rains a good deal, it grows faster than others; but I want it always to look neat on Sundays. You must watch it and cut it whenever it needs it. I will give you fifty cents each time."

Tom went home well pleased. He watched the lawn, and the next Wednesday he cut it very nicely, taking care to trim the edges and to carry away the grass, and not to break any of the shrubbery.

The next week on Wednesday he was going to mow the lawn again, but there was a ball game that afternoon, and the boys wanted him to play first base. The grass did not look so very long, anyway, so he played ball, and was going to cut the lawn on Thursday.

But Thursday it rained hard, and he could not work outdoors, so he had to wait till Friday. He cut the grass then, but it was much longer than it had been the week before, and so it did not cut so smooth. When he had finished it there were some rough places where the tall grass had been pressed down by the lawn-mower, but had not been cut off. Still, he thought it would not be noticed.

The next time the grass needed cutting, Tom went at it bright and early in the morning. He had got about a quarter of it done when Eddie Ives came along with a bat over his shoulder and a catcher's mitt on one hand. He stopped at the fence, and called, "Come on, Tom! We're going to play the White Stars."

"I can't," said Tom. "I must work."

"Oh, you can do that in half an hour. Let it go till afternoon. We want you in the game."

Tom left the lawn-mower just where it stood, and went off with his friend Eddie. The boys all said they were glad he was there, too, because in the second inning he caught a high fly that put out the third runner of the stars.

But just before the end of the game, in trying to stop a hot grounder, he hurt his hand so badly that he had to go home and have it bandaged. It made him forget about Mr. Webster's lawn and where he had left the lawn-mower.

He thought of it the next morning, and tried to finish the work; but the mower, being out in the dew all night, had rusted, so that it ran hard—and he could not find the oil-can. Besides, his hand hurt him. After a while he called in Jimmy Russell, who was passing, and got him to help. But Jimmy was small, and could not handle the mower very well. In going round one of the shrubs, he broke off a big branch; and he also knocked a piece of bark from the trunk of a small white birch-tree, and the dark scar showed very plainly.

By the time they had finished, it was too late to rake up the grass and carry it off. Tom kicked it round a little, where it was thickest, so that it would not look quite so bad. He said to himself that next time he would begin early and stick to it and do better. His hand would be well by that time.

But the next time never came. When the grass was long enough to mow again, and Tom went over to Mr. Webster's place, pushing the lawn-mower ahead of him, he found the grass all nicely cut, and a short, red-headed boy raking it up.

"Here, Sam Casey!" cried Tom. "What are you doing on my lawn?"

"It isn't your lawn any more. It's my lawn."

"What do you mean?" asked Tom.

"I mean that I'm going to cut it once a week all summer, for fifty cents a time."

"Who told you so?"

"Mr. Webster did—the man who lives here. He said he was tired of having it half done or not done at all, and so I'm going to do it."

There was nothing more to be said. Tom went slowly home and put away his lawn-mower. The chance to earn some money during the summer was gone, but he had learned a lesson that in the end was worth a good deal more money; and the next summer, when he got other lawns to mow, he did his work well and faithfully.

—*E. W. F., in Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN NORWAY.—A correspondent writes to *Le Temps*, from Christiania, October 20:

"You know that October is the month in which the parliamentary elections take place in Norway. For the first time Norwegian women, already electors and eligible, for some years past in communal elections, take part in the legislative elections. This innovation marks their entry into political life.

"It was practically a little revolution that took place here in Christiania last Monday. This revolution was carried out with utmost calmness as befits a country where the fjords compress the ocean storms, and one might think also, the passions of men and women.

"Today, more than twenty-four hours after the voting, we finally know the result of the election in the capital: the conservatives keep their three seats, while the socialists, on the other hand, hold their own in the two labor districts.

"For a final judgment as to the effect of the addition of the feminine vote, more complete returns would be necessary than are at present available. So far, however, it would seem that the entry of the feminine element into the lists is likely to be especially advantageous to the extreme parties, conservatives and socialists. It should be said at once, however, that the label 'conservative' does not in Norway cover at all the same kind of goods as in France. Here the conservatives are all 'liberals,' in the fullest sense of the word, in its philosophic, economic sense. They defend the doctrine of 'liberalism' and individual liberty' in opposition to the disquieting stateism of the 'consolidated Left' and of the 'Norwegian labor party.' Mme. Anna Rogstad, the first woman elected to the Storthing, as substitute for one of the leaders of these conservative 'liberals,' Mr. Bratlie, defends very ably just this position, the rights of the individual as opposed to undue state interference.

"I heard Mme. Anna Rogstad Sunday evening in a great address, in the course of which she expounded her program point by point as compared with those of other Norwegian parties.

"That she, as candidate, showed herself perfectly at home in all the details of party politics and Norwegian legislation, was nothing to be wondered at. What one could not fail to admire especially was the sustained interest and attention of those present—some 1,200 persons, including not less than 700 to 800 women. These Norwegian women, for it is they who interest us particularly at this time, followed the harangue of Mme. Rogstad more religiously than women with us would a preaching service or a sermon. Truly a wise people! A worthy people! A calm people, a sojourn among whom would seem to be an excellent cure for persons as enervated as we!

"Not at all disconcerted at finding themselves at political meetings, these Norwegian women were no more so the next day over the casting of their ballots. In vain I sought to catch on the face of any of those who went to fulfill their electoral duty, any expression of wonder or doubt, or even of joy or satisfaction. Nothing, nothing, nothing! The women of Christiania went to the polling places as they would go to the post-office, and dropped their envelopes—for here the ballot has an envelope—into the ballot box as they would have put a letter in the mail. This little revolution, this entry of women into political life in a European country whose capital is but forty-six hours from Paris, nobody here seems to mistrust. Amid like calmness, a few years ago, the separation from Sweden took place.

"Toward the end of the day—voting goes on here till nine in the evening—it was a curious sight to see in the labor districts, the men coming from their work, with their bare-headed wives, to vote together and little surprised to find themselves united in the exercise of political rights. I noted one young working woman, who could not at all understand why it was desired to separate her from her husband that she might, in an isolated booth, discharge her duty as a citizen in full independence.

"On the whole, however, there was not the least hesitation on the part of the women. They went to the solitary booth and to the ballot-box as if long experience had accustomed them to the practice of voting. And this very fact seems to prove that women in this country were ready to profit by a law and a right, for which in France—is it not so?—even to wish to contend would somewhat compromise one's reputation and cast a doubt on one's mental soundness. 'Truth on this side, error on that!'"

M. E. H.

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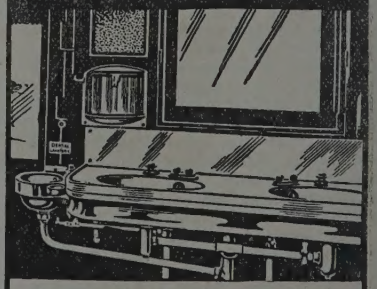

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